

ONE LANGUAGE FOR MEDICINE.

An Italian Suggests that Latin Be Used in All Countries.

Decidedly the question of a universal language of medicine is in the air. During the last few months, says the British Medical Journal, we have had occasion to refer to several proposals of the kind. Now comes another, this time from Italy. Dr. E. Vitelli, of Bari, has addressed a long letter to the Italian Minister of Public Instruction, Dr. Baccelli, inviting him as President of the International Medical Congress to propose to the organizing committee that Latin be recognized as one of the official languages at the next (Moscow) congress, and as the sole official language at all future congresses, beginning with the fourth from the one held this year in Rome. Dr. Vitelli's argument is briefly that, while all medical men have some smattering of Latin, comparatively few know any modern language but their own. Very few understand all the languages used at congresses, which hence serve to give an idea of the tower of Babel, as far as confusion of tongues is concerned. However, had may be the Latin spoken it will always, Dr. Vitelli maintains, be more intelligible than any modern language to the largest number, and that, after all, is the main point. For any one really in earnest in the matter there need be no difficulty in acquiring sufficient fluency in Latin for the purpose in view.

Dr. Baccelli has sent a diplomatic reply to Dr. Vitelli's communication, in which he promises to give the subject proper consideration, etc. There, so far as we know, the matter rests; and there, we imagine, it is likely to rest. There would unquestionably be many advantages in the revival of Latin as the lingua franca of science, nor does the scheme involve any insuperable difficulties. In an interesting article in Temple Bar for August it is stated that the celebrated Dr. Bozzi Granville, when he wished to enter the English navy, had some difficulty about his examination at Hasler, as none of the medical staff spoke any European language but his own. At the suggestion of the surgeon of the Haven, whose communications with his assistant had been carried on in Latin, that language was employed; the Italian doctor passed triumphantly.

Dr. Vitelli does not refer to one practical difficulty, namely, the diversity of pronunciation used in different countries. There is a story which may well be true of a British ecclesiastic who made a speech in Latin to the Pope, to which the Holy Father excused himself from replying on the plea that he did not understand English. A Spaniard's Latin is absolutely unintelligible to the uninitiated, and a Frenchman is not easy to follow when he quotes Virgil.

Is There a Fifth Napoleon?

A London letter in the New York Press tells a sensational story about the late Prince Imperial of France, and his alleged marriage to an English governess before he lost his life in Africa.

In a French country village, confined in an institution which is half almshouse and half school, there is today a youth who is known as Louis N. Moore. Some unknown person pays \$75 a year for his board, clothes, and schooling. The boy wears garments so coarse and hideous that they resemble prison clothes, but his features are those of the first Napoleon and the Prince Imperial combined. A few people in England and France do not hesitate to say that this half-starved, half-clad young man is the son of the Prince Imperial by Miss Charlotte Watkins. After his birth the Empress Eugenie treated her son so badly that he went to Africa, where he was butchered by the Zulus. M. Rouher, a confidential agent of the Empress, then convinced Miss Watkins that her marriage was not legal, and induced her to marry a man named Moore, who was doubtless paid for the part he played in the matter.

The young Louis is now old enough to go out into the world and earn his own living. He is kept in ignorance of his supposed illustrious parentage, and his education has been confined to the commonest branches, as the unknown persons who caused him to be locked up in his prison school propose to have him trained up in some mechanical calling. His detention, however, gives rise to the belief that his custodians have found out that he is the fifth Napoleon, and it is thought that they intend to hold him and secretly give him instruction that will fit him for the highest station, and then bring him to the front when the next Bonapartist movement is started.

It is a very interesting story, but Eugenie has recently declared that there is not a word of truth in it.

Another startling theory is advanced in a recent book by Count d'Herrison, who maintains that the Prince Imperial was either foully murdered in Africa or kept from returning to Europe for unknown reasons.

A New Giraffe.

The new giraffe, the skin of which has been carefully secured and brought to England, is distinguished by a complete and whole body coloring of rich, bright chestnut, scarcely separable by very fine, almost invisible, lines of creamy white of hexagonal and hexagonal shape.

In the South African species, as indeed in the giraffe found in the Sudan regions of North Africa, which is indistinguishable from its South African cousin, the markings are widely and clearly defined; and a comparison at once shows how completely the new Somaliand variety differs from any form hitherto found.

At a short distance the new giraffe must appear as entirely of one color. Every hunter of giraffes in South Africa is well aware how, even at considerable distances, the striking mottlings of the camelopard are visible to the eye. In other characteristics, such as shape and conformation, the new giraffe seems to differ little from the old; but the extraordinary difference in marking and distribution of coloring are at all events sufficient to warrant the establishment by zoologists of a new variety—perhaps even a new species.

Major Wood and his party seem to have sighted at least seven different species of this new giraffe; but, until further skins and a complete skeleton are brought home, the authorities of the Zoological Society and the Natural History Museum will probably wait

before assigning an exact title to this interesting form.

Giraffes have long been imported from Northeast Africa—chiefly from the Sudan region—and skins have been brought home by hunters from South Africa and the interior. The mottled hides of these creatures are well known. It is strange, indeed, to have waited so far into the nineteenth century before discovering this new and singularly marked variety.

Lottery-Swindling Confessed.

Any lottery concern attempting to do business in the United States is a wilful and persistent law-breaker. Every intentional violator of the law is dishonest and a cheat at its own game.

There is only one lottery company doing business in this country that has ever succeeded in making any considerable number of persons believe that its so-called drawings were fair. This company finds many dupes who believe that a gang of persistent law-breakers will not swindle a stranger when it has the opportunity. Perhaps a recent discovery may open the eyes of some who might become dupes.

A reputable business man in Philadelphia received a letter from the general agents of this lottery, inclosing two one-fifth parts of ticket 48,055. This letter said:

"We stand in a position to use our judgment as to where prizes will do the most good, and wishing to establish a permanent agency with you, as we are satisfied you will make us a competent agent, providing we give you a good start, therefore have concluded to let you have a prize in the July drawing of \$8,000, this being two-fifths of the second capital prize of \$20,000."

"Inclosed you will also find 215 tickets, for which you must remit \$100."

It is not probable that the swindler would have let the designated ticket draw anything. They were after the man's \$100.

The concern making this proposal is pre-eminently the "honest" lottery—Youth's Companion.

The Country Editor.

The country editor is the most charitable creature in existence. He labors seven days and as many nights in the week to get out a paper for his fellow mortals to read. He puts himself up as a money loser, and loans each of his subscribers from one to five dollars, without interest, and when the collector comes along and tries to gather in some of these hard earned dollars there are some of those borrowers who will abuse him and tell him to "stop that damned paper" and beat him out of his pay. Such are the pleasures of the newspaper man, but justice will some time overtake this class of dead beats, and there is some satisfaction in the thought that the editor will occupy a high seat in the day of judgement and watch the grease ooze from the delinquent's bones—Vassar Times.

How Not to Advertise.

I wonder if the men who write advertisements ever think how the advertisement looks to the man on the other side. When a traveler is riding quietly in a Pullman car along some beautiful or picturesque line, and constantly sees staring at him from the opposite side of a winding stream or a mountain valley "Sackbut & Panterey's Corn Plaster and Apple Sauce," he is not likely to have a great respect for the common sense of the monumental idiots who have disgraced nature in such an outrageous manner. When I see such a sign as that I quietly make up my mind that if my corns are never cured and if I never have any more apple sauce, unless I buy of Sackbut & Panterey, I shall go without apple sauce. When a man produces offensive and disgusting advertisements, they produce a bad impression on the public, no matter how good the article may be.

Advertisers generally say: "If I can only make a noise and attract attention, I can succeed in business. Now, it does not strike the purchaser that way. He doesn't care a 'continental' how much noise a man makes. He is not in the market to buy noise; in fact, most people would prefer to buy a little peace and quietness if it were for sale anywhere at a reasonable price. It teaches a lesson, and one that the advertiser and the non-advertiser are not likely to learn—that the purchasers are not buying advertisements. They are buying goods. It is the goods that they want, and not Sackbut & Panterey's effrontery and bad taste.—Business.

A clever advertisement acts in the same manner as a boomerang. If it is skillfully handled it comes back to the advertiser; if not, it remains where it falls and is most frequently lost forever. The art of skillfully handling an "ad" is far more intricate than the casting of a boomerang, and requires deeper knowledge of force as well as a thorough ability to reckon the value of space.—Clothes and Furnishers.

Checkerberry.

It was a little city boy on his first visit to the country, and his comments on things unlike "what we have at home" were vastly amusing. He did not ask to see "the cow which gave butter-milk," or complain of the "thick yellow stuff" on the top of the milk, as the story goes concerning certain other city visitors, but he did make many remarks which his entertainers will always remember.

Especially did the treasures of the wood and field amaze him. He never saw so many yellow flowers together as the buttercups in Farmer Hill's field. He was altogether delighted with the pastime of making "rounding bags" from sedum leaves and little old ladies from the daisy. But one day, while walking in the woods, he made a discovery. He found some little glossy, reddish-green leaves, pulled them, smelled and tasted.

"O auntie, just look here!" he cried. "Only see what I've found! It's a plant that tastes like tooth-powder!"

What do you think it was?

Voices of the Nations.
The Tartars are supposed to have, as a nation, the most powerful voices in the world. The Germans possess the lowest voices of any civilized people. The voices of both Japanese and Chinese are of a very low order and feeble compass, and are probably weaker than any other nation. Taken as a whole, Europeans have stronger, clearer and better voices than the inhabitants of the other continents.

NOT AN ERA OF PEACE.

Civilization To-day Seems to Mean the Apotheosis of Force and Arms. Never before in the history of Christendom was the training of society for service in war so general and so systematic as it is now. Practically all continental Europe is under arms. Every man who has not reached the age incapacitating him for military service is a soldier. His first function as a citizen and a subject is to bear arms. Christian missions have succeeded in making little impression on the religions of the heathen world, as we call it, but Christian civilization has taught it the art of war, and Japan is now showing a proficiency in that art which entitles it to a place among the great military nations of the world.

The first selections for appointments by Gov. Morton were of the members of his military staff. During recent years new and large and imposing armories have been built in this city at great cost, and another is now under way. Military drill has been introduced generally into the parochial and Sunday schools of the churches, and the number of boys here who are now under military training is thus greater than ever before in the history of this city. It has become a passion among them. Napoleon again looms up as the most popular figure of the day. His pictures and statues are everywhere on exhibition in the shops, and the demand for reputed relics of his period is active. Both our army and navy are attracting an amount of public attention and interest which they have received at no time before since the civil war. Congress is asked to increase the appropriations for each, and if it grants the request public sentiment will justify and applaud its liberality. States are frightened from war by seeing that the whole civilized world is armed to the teeth, and thus is ready to resist attack. Japan, having demonstrated its military capabilities, will be let alone by its oriental neighbors and competitors for some time to come. It went into its conflict with China for the purpose of making its civilization dominant in the East by the display of its proficiency in the military art it had learned from Christendom, in our own military schools, for example; and it has attained its desire. It has not been Christianized, but it has been made a great military nation, even when it is judged by the standards of Christian civilization. By force of arms it has made itself respected in Asia and Europe both, and thus has won a place in the family of civilized States.—New York Sun.

CHINESE PRISONERS.

Loaded with Chains to Which Are Hung Heavy Stones.

I had hardly finished my investigation of this weird and morbidly fascinating picture when I heard a tremendous clanking of chains over the stone paving. Three men were coming along, and another walked about twenty yards behind. All wore hobble-chains, and, in addition, each carried a large block of granite in his hands that must have weighed at least fifty pounds.

As they drew closer, I saw that these stone blocks had holes in the center, and that through them ran long chains. Each chain was rove through another fastened around the man's waist, and running free, was carried up and welded around his neck. The four men had hardly sat down when another, sturdily fettered, appeared, coming down the long courtyard. He joined them, and they sat in a row.

I had not seen these fellows when walking through the prison. They presented the usual semi-ragged, unshaven, unwashed, hungry, and wholly rapacious appearance. Some looked defiant, others broken spirited; one looked a coward and a sneak, and I said in my own mind that he was the worst scoundrel of all.

Still no magistrate appeared, and I had leisure to examine the surroundings. The materials for a turbulent scene were present; first, the prisoners; and, second, certain instruments of a coercive nature.

There were four or five wooden collars stacked like slates against a wall. A narrow ring at the edge of the neck-hole was worn bright and shiny. It ended abruptly in a ridge of black dirt, which edged off outwardly, and faded into the dull, dusty roughness of the main surface. A few knotted scourges hung from a small nail close by, and also a piece of heavy leather like a boot-sole.

The guide told me that this was for beating the prisoners across the mouth when they cried out too much during examination.—"Scenes in Canton," by Florence O'Driscoll, M. P., in the Century.

Followed Zacheus' Example.

It is said that a well-known ministerial educator was in the habit of testing the ability and self-possession of the theological students under his instruction by sending them up into the pulpit with a sealed envelope in their hands containing the text of the sermon or address each one was to deliver on the spur of the moment. On one of these occasions the student, on opening the paper, found this subject and direction given him: "Apply the story of Zacheus to your own circumstances and your call to the ministry."

The student promptly delivered himself in the following way: "My brethren, the subject on which I have to address you to-day is a comparison between Zacheus and my qualification for the pulpit. Well, the first thing we read about Zacheus is that he was small of stature; and I never felt so small as I do now. In the second place, we read that he was up a tree, which is very much my position now. And, thirdly, we read that Zacheus made haste to come down; and in this I gladly and promptly follow his example."—New York Observer.

Three Divisions of Life.

When a little boy Sheridan Le Fanu wrote the following essay on the life of man: "A man's life naturally divides itself into three parts—the first, when he is planning and contriving all kinds of villainy and rascality; that is the period of youth and innocence. In the second he is found putting in practice all the villainy and rascality he has contrived; that is the period of manhood and prime of life. The third and last period is that when he is making his soul and preparing for another world; that is the period of dotage."

The Great Heroley Warehouse.

The Heroley Brothers Commission Company have reopened their great warehouse at 428 to 448 North Halsted street, and have sent out the following circular in connection therewith:

To consumers and dealers of hay, oats, grain, flour, and feed of all kinds:

We wish to call your attention to the fact that if you do not buy your feed at our warehouse you are unaware of the benefits you can derive by so doing.

We handle the best goods only and sell at rock-bottom prices, for the many advantages we have over other wholesale feed men are so great that it enables us to sell first-class goods as cheap as others sell second-class.

Our warehouse is the largest, handiest and most complete hay and grain warehouse in the city of Chicago, covering one acre of ground and situated on the C. & St. P. R. R. tracks, where we have our own private track and receive all our goods direct to our warehouse. This is a great advantage, as it saves the expense of hauling, which is quite an item.

We have constructed, in addition to our warehouse, the latest improved grain elevator system, which unloads, elevates and conveys, by machinery, all our grain from cars on our track direct to our elevator, without rehandling. This is a great labor saving, and adds greatly to the value of grain, as all grain passes through our grain elevator, which frees it from all dust and chaff, and leaves it perfectly clean.

There is no waiting outside on the street in cold and wet at our warehouse, as we have provided large "sideways" for teams, and plenty of waiting room in our warehouse. All our bins are elevated, so that you can drive under them and put on a load in less than five minutes.

We do a straight wholesale and retail mercantile business, and you will always find us here, from 7 a. m. to 6 p. m., ready to show you our goods and give you prices. We invite you to call and examine our stock; look at our cleaning and conveying machinery and see the way we do business.

Thanking you for your past favors, and hoping we may receive your orders, we remain, yours very respectfully,

HEROLEY BROS. COMMISSION CO.

Summer Train Service via Wisconsin Central.

Effective May 27. To Waukesha and Lake resorts 8:30 a. m., 1:25 p. m., 3:45 p. m., 5 p. m. To St. Paul, Minneapolis, Ashland, and Pacific Northwest 6:05 p. m., 11:45 p. m. To Duluth 6:05 p. m.

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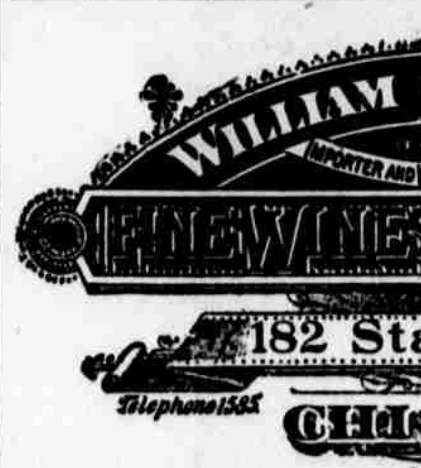
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J. H. Carter Old Reserve, 1871.....	\$4.00
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Spring Hill Old Bourbon.....	3.00
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Irish Whisky, John Jameson.....	3.00
Scotch Whisky, Andrew Usher Special Reserve.....	3.00

All kinds of Brandies, Gins, Rums and Bottled Goods of the finest qualities at reasonable prices.

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